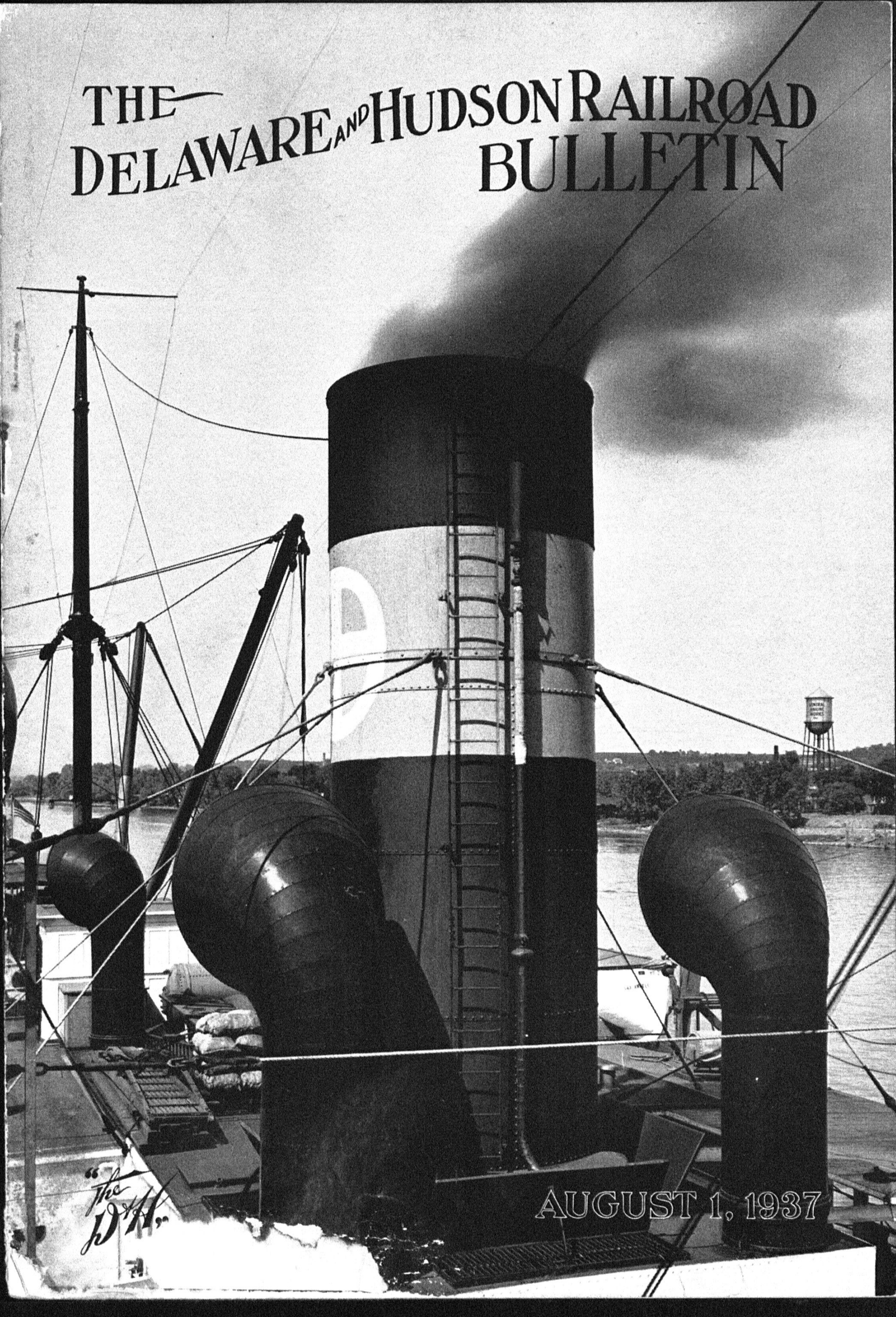
THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD BULLETIN



AUGUST 1, 1937

Day Dreams

OVER my ledger I can see
The giant ships go down the bay,
And there's no one of them but holds
My heart aboard as stowaway.

And one will steam to China Sea
And one will swing around the Horn
And, Oh! I'd be a happy lad
If I were only sailor-born.

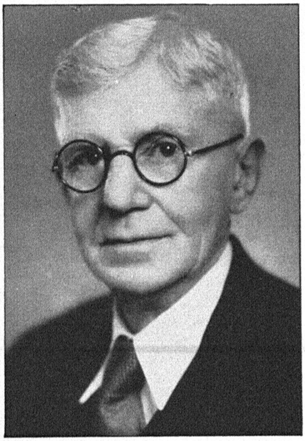
One golden day I'll break my bonds
And close my books and wander free,
And then another pale-faced lad
Will add my figures up for me.

—WILFRED J. FUNK.

"the D&H"
The
DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAILROAD
CORPORATION
BULLETIN
"the D&H"

Guarded Grant Funeral Train

Sergeant Lee was Delaware and Hudson's First Uniformed Officer



ARTHUR O. LEE

WHEN ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, suffering from what was shortly to prove his fatal illness, passed through Saratoga Springs en route to Mt. McGregor, in June 1885, one of the few men to actually see him was ARTHUR O. LEE, retired Delaware and Hudson police sergeant, who was one of those assigned to control the crowd milling about the passenger station. Grant, who arrived by special train over the Delaware and Hudson, did not then appear to be seriously ill, although he was transferred on a cot from the Pullman in which he arrived to the narrow-gauge Mt. McGregor Railroad car in which he was to complete his trip. When he died, five weeks later, on July 23, 1885, his body returning over the same route, OFFICER LEE was again assigned to duty at the station while the coffin was being transferred to a funeral car for the run to New York via Albany.

OFFICER LEE'S position at that time was somewhat unique in the light of present police organization practice: he was chosen by the agent, appointed by the Police Commission of Saratoga, and paid by the Delaware and Hudson. As a matter of fact, he had served as policeman at the Saratoga station before the city force was organized. Few will probably recall that in the early eighties there were crossing gates at the Saratoga station both across the roadway and the tracks. The roadway gates, instead of swinging down on each side from a nearly vertical position as at present, were built somewhat on the order of a substantial wooden fence and were raised and lowered vertically between supporting posts by cranks and gears. When they rested on the roadway the horse-drawn vehicles, horseback riders, and pedestrians were effectively prevented from crossing the tracks, nor did they "crash the gates" as is all too frequently done by automobiles today.

Railroad passenger traffic was also so heavy in and out of Saratoga at that time that no one was permitted on the station platform unless he had a ticket for a train due to depart, in which case his ticket was punched as he passed through the door from the waiting room to the platform. To keep people from walking up or down the tracks in front of the station, swinging gates were provided across the right of way at each end of the building. MR. LEE'S first position with the Delaware and Hudson, which he secured in the summer of 1882, was as gate tender on the Division Street crossing. As he recalls it, it took approximately two minutes to crank the roadway gates up or down. At the close of the summer season—it extended from June 1 to October 1 then—he found work at the Hathorn Spring house.

The next summer, 1883, MR. LEE was hired as doorman inside the station, inspecting and punching the tickets of passengers about to board trains as has already been explained.

In 1885 MR. LEE was appointed Police Officer at the Saratoga station and as such wore a blue uniform, a felt police helmet, and carried a night stick and a pocket model .32 calibre revolver. He and Sergeant Joseph F. Ernst, now deceased, are therefore believed to have been the first uniformed police officers of the Delaware and Hudson. When the summer season was over, MR. LEE was made a plainclothesman in the local yard, sometimes substituting for the yard clerks and the yard master along with his other duties.

When the Delaware and Hudson Police Department was organized, February 1, 1908, he became a patrolman at Saratoga where he was stationed until 1923. In that year MR. LEE was promoted to the rank of sergeant, in charge of the Lake George Branch, and he continued in that capacity until his retirement July 1, 1932, after 49 years of continuous service with the company.

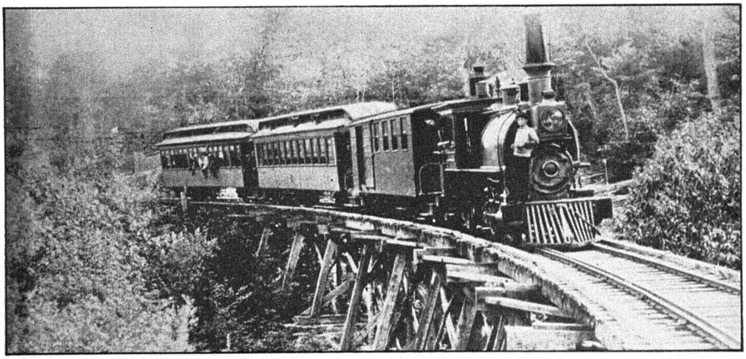
Of all the wide changes which have taken place in railroading in that long span of time, the one which impresses itself most deeply in SERGEANT LEE'S mind is that which has taken place in passenger traffic. The summer time table for 1884, of which he has a copy, lists seven trains arriving at Saratoga from the north and fourteen from the "south and west," and a like number departing from the station at which he was on duty. In addition, two- and three-section special and excursion trains brought thousands of one-day visitors and summer vacationists to Saratoga. Other thousands came to the various political conventions which were held there, in the course of which SERGEANT LEE met Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, and presidential nominee William Jennings Bryan, on several occasions.

Equally interesting are the changes which have taken place in quarrying and stone-cutting, the business SERGEANT LEE was engaged in before entering Delaware and Hudson employ. Born at Rowland's Hollow, three miles west of Saratoga, in 1862, the son of a cut limestone dealer, ARTHUR began to learn the stone-cutting trade while still a small boy. His father's quarries and cutting plant furnished practically all the stone used for building purposes in and about Saratoga in the sixties and early seventies. The door and window sills of the United States Hotel built, he believes, in 1872, and other structures in the city were cut in one of their quarries.

Much of the limestone quarried there was put through their lime kiln for subsequent use in the seven paper mills then operating in the vicinity. A ton of limestone produced 960 pounds of lime which, when mixed with water and the straw and rags then used as raw materials in paper plants, produced a pulp which was rolled into sheets of paper.

MR. LEE learned the stone-cutter's trade and for some time cut door and window sills, the coping or water table used at the foot of buildings, and

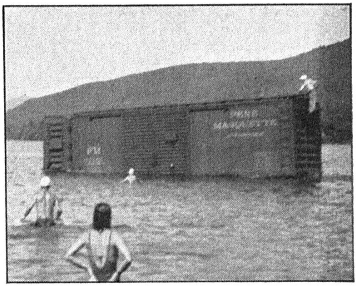
(Continued on page 126)



Train on One of the 12 Trestles on the 10½-Mile Long Mt. McGregor R. R.

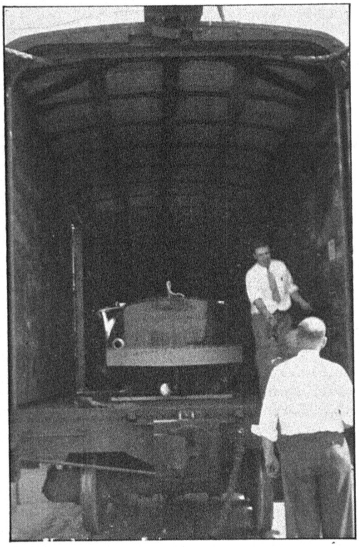
"Sea-Going" Railroad at Lake George

THE idea of railroad cars going to sea is by no means novel, car ferries being nearly as old as railroads. "Seatrains," as the ships are called which carry whole trains of freight cars from our seaports across to Cuba, are also accepted as more or less commonplace. Yet the sight of a great, lumbering, steel freight car splashing merrily out into the dancing waves as gaily as the bathers who surround it, at a respectful distance, will never become an ordinary thing in the minds of those who have witnessed it. Even the crew who have charge of this unusual movement "get a kick" out of the operation.



Into the Lake

Like many another visitor to Lake George, we have seen the mysterious track which disappears beneath the sparkling blue waters in the midst of a sandy beach near the station and, longing to witness a "launching," confide our desire to Agent C. W. Lente. Within a few days there comes a wire: "Unload boat from Marine Track about 2 P. M. today. C. W. L."



As boat arrives by rail

Arriving early, we watch the preliminary preparations of the section gang. A heavy steel cable about 500 feet long is threaded through a pulley block and laid along the track leading to the station. Since the marine track runs out into the lake at an angle of about 45 degrees to the station tracks it is impossible to exert a straight pull when the locomotive draws the car from the water, hence the pulley arrangement.

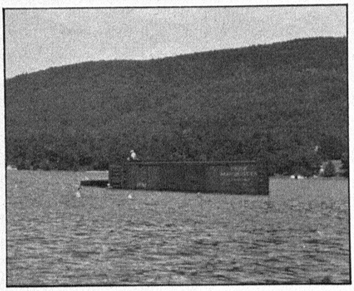
Hardly is the cable in position when a whistle announces the arrival of the train bringing the boat to be launched. The load is spotted at the head of the marine track while the box car is opened by the agent, the crew setting about the more complex problem of getting the end doors open to reveal the sleek mahogany runabout resting in its cradle. The cable having been attached to car and locomotive, the conductor and brakeman mount to the car roof, the former signalling "Come ahead" while the latter gets a firm hold on the hand brake wheel.

A low rumble of the wheels on the track dies as the water swishes around the trucks, then over the car floor to a depth of two to three feet. The car is stopped here and in a moment the stern of the boat is seen emerging from the open end door.

Suddenly

> *"She starts, she moves, she seems to feel*
> *A thrill of life along her keel—"*

as the poet phrases it. In fact she shoots sternward two or three car-lengths, turns, and heads off up the lake with wide open throttle in the twinkling of an eye.



Floating from the car

The conductor gives a "Back-Up" signal and the car emerges dripping but otherwise none the worse for its trip, being on its homeward way in a few minutes more.

Sometimes as many as two or three boats a week are unloaded from the marine track, particularly at the opening of the summer season.

How did they lay over 500 feet of track in water up to ten feet or more in depth? They didn't. It was laid on the ice during the winter, weighted down, and allowed to sink into place on the fill that had been previously made to support it.

Love Thy Neighbor—But DON'T Sign His Note!

FEW things are more precious than the reserve fund we have set aside for old age or emergencies. Systematic saving for these purposes is one of the cardinal principles of happiness, and the reserve which has thus been created—be it in the form of a savings account, investments or insurance—should be scarcely less carefully guarded and cherished than health itself.

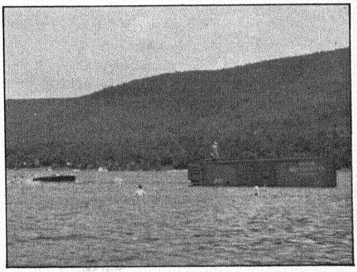
The co-signing or endorsing of other people's notes is one certain method of jeopardizing this "stake." When it comes to signing notes, it pays to be—that good old-fashioned word—*hard-boiled*.

When we endorse a note for a friend, we should be prepared to pay the note when it falls due in case the friend dies in the meantime or is unable to make payment for any other reason. In other words, a note should not be endorsed unless we are able and willing to give the money to this person with no thought of getting it back should he be unable to reimburse us.

One of America's largest organizations has developed a broad program to encourage a deeper interest in thrift and the systematic management of personal finances among its employes. In its researches this company has come upon a great many actual experiences which illustrate the danger involved in co-signing or endorsing notes. Here are a few typical cases.

A man acted as guarantor for an acquaintance who was in need of $10,000. He signed notes for this amount and when his friend failed to pay he had to make good. In addition to applying all of his savings over a number of years, he was forced to place a heavy mortgage on his home. He subsequently died and his widow was compelled to pay off the mortgage with the proceeds of his life insurance policies!

A woman signed a note for her brother-in-law to enable him to pay bills he owed. The latter was unable to meet the note when it came due and has steadfastly refused to make good the amount which the woman had to pay the collection agency later.



Off under her own power

A man co-signed a note for $200 for a fellow-employe who was afterwards found to be involved to the extent of several thousand dollars on various accounts. The creditor garnisheed the co-signer's wages because the friend did not meet his payments. This same man co-signed another note for $150 for another acquaintance and suffered the same experience, thereby having his wages garnisheed by two loan companies. He was purchasing a home at the time on the installment plan and was forced to give up his equity.

The above experiences are object-lessons worthy of serious thought. Endorsing other people's notes violates all principles governing thrift and may result in genuine distress both to ourselves and our families.

Railroading:
A Career of Distinction

MORE than half of the 1,100,000 employes of the railways today have been in service 15 years or longer. Approximately 35 per cent have 20 or more years service to their credit. Upwards of one-fourth of them have been employed by the railways for more than 25 years. A very considerable number have service records reaching up to 40 and 50 years. Less than 20 per cent have been in service less than five years. These are highly significant figures for in no other industry of comparable size can one find so large a proportion of men who are devoting their lives to the one form of employment and to one employer.

In the earlier days when the railways followed closely after, if they did not actually precede, the first settlers into new areas, not a few of those pioneer employes who built and operated these railways were attracted from one job to another by the love of adventure. Service records meant little to these men for if they left one job, they knew that they could secure another on a neighboring road. Even in those days, however, the "boomer" never comprised a large proportion of the employes; today he is almost non-existent.

Railroad employment is exacting work. To attain a position of responsibility, one must serve an apprenticeship of years. The training is rigorous. Among other characteristics, it develops dependability, a trait that is valuable in any industry but absolutely essential in railroading. Railway work has long attracted men who enjoy sticking to a job through thick and thin; it has little appeal to those who come and go; for the rewards come only to those who qualify through years of training.

Railway service calls for red-blooded men who love a battle—men who accept a washout or a blizzard as a challenge. Railway history is replete with the stories of men who fought against the greatest odds to keep lines open and trains moving, when all nature seemed to conspire against them. No finer record was ever written than that of the thousands of maintenance of way men who, last winter, fought the cold and blizzards day after day and who gave way to others only when, exhausted and with faces and hands frost bitten, they could continue no longer. Theirs was the task of rescuing trains that were snow-bound, of opening lines for the transportation of coal and food to storm-bound communities, of maintaining arteries of transportation for the nation's commerce. They met the emergency and won.

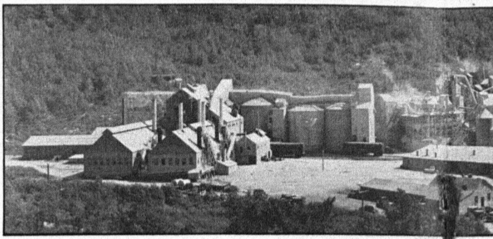
Railway service attracts men of action also because a railway organization moves with military precision, each individual trained in his specific duty and each group directed by an officer who has himself risen from the ranks and knows both the objective and the best way to attain it. Those who have neither the ability nor the willingness to undergo such training fall out early—it is only the determined who survive the testing period to which railroad men are subjected.

It is from such a background that the railway organization of today has come—a background of experience and training, of dependability and loyalty. It is from such a background that a corps of men has been created who recognize the necessity for teamwork and who take pride in their accomplishments. It is not surprising, therefore, that the appellation, "railroad men," has come to characterize dependability and versatility in meeting conditions as they arise suddenly and without warning. It is such men who give strength and stability to any industry and any community.

In these days when the public, and employes as well, are giving so much attention to the new streamlined trains, to the faster schedules, to the air-conditioned coaches and to the many other improvements that are characterizing this new era in railway transportation, one should not lose sight of this large group of employes who provide and maintain the tracks and structures over which these new trains run at such speeds, or of those employes who man and control these trains, or of those many other employes who contribute to the efficiency, comfort and economy with which the public and its property are transported from place to place. It is these men who, after all, make this service possible. They are the life blood of transportation.

When pointing to the achievements of the railways, employes can well afford to emphasize the outstanding and unique position which railway employes, of all departments and ranks, hold in our life today. Theirs is indeed a career. Their records attest to this fact.—*Courtesy Railway Engineering and Maintenance.*

Vermont Slate Granul
Water Route to Calif



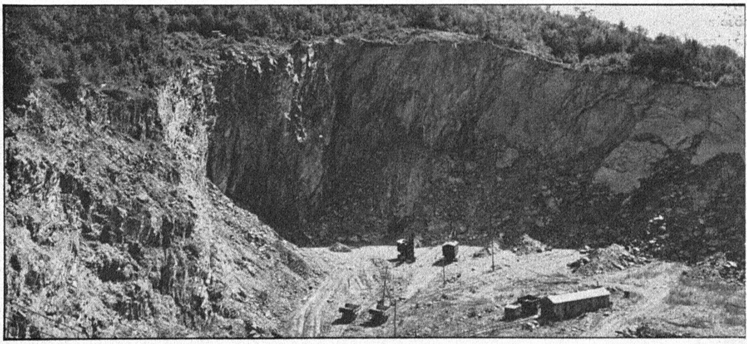
Slate Granules, from Quarry (Upper Right) to Box Car (Cer

VERMONT slate granules of various colors, originating at the Staso Milling Company's plant near Castleton, Vt., on the Rutland Branch, are being shipped via The Delaware and Hudson to the Port of Albany for consignment to the Pacific Coast and also foreign ports. Ocean-going ships carry them down the Hudson River to the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal to concerns in California where they are combined with an asphalt preparation to form fireproof roofing shingles. Staso slate granules are also shipped by rail to roofing concerns located in all parts of the United States. The photograph on the cover of this *Bulletin* was taken recently from the bridge of the 400-foot *S. S. San Angelo* at the Port of Albany while a shipment of green granules was being transferred from box cars to the hold for transportation to Los Angeles and Richmond, California.

This shipment was made up entirely of green slate granules of 10 mesh, which means that the final screening was through a screen with ten holes to the lineal inch, or 100 holes per square inch. The Staso plant at Castleton—there are six in all in different parts of the country—markets natural color granules of green, red, blue-black, and buff. Artificially colored granules are also made by this same company. These granules are bright in color and are guaranteed to be permanently sun-proof and weather resisting, and are now produced in a variety of shades of green, red, buff, blue, and brown.

The complete process of preparing the granules from quarry to box car is carried on at the Castleton plant, which is so completely mechanized that the hard manual labor once associated with quarrying operations is conspicuous by its absence.

One hundred and fifty thousand tons of slate are torn from the walls of the quarry at one time by a large charge of dynamite placed in 6-inch holes bored by a well-drilling machine from the upper rim to the bottom 225 feet below. The slate is loaded into standard gauge railroad cars by electric shovels and is conveyed to a large primary crusher in the quarry which will reduce pieces up to 3-foot diameter to a maximum of 6 inches. The slate is then hoisted to the secondary crushing units above



Quarry Showing Electric Shovels at Base of 225-Foot Wall and Standard Gauge Cars

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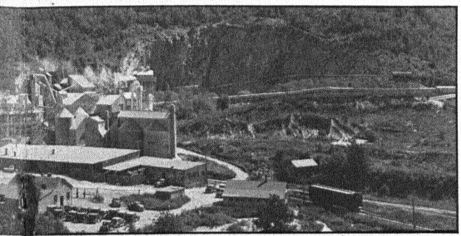


Car (Center) Are Produced by Staso's Castleton Plant

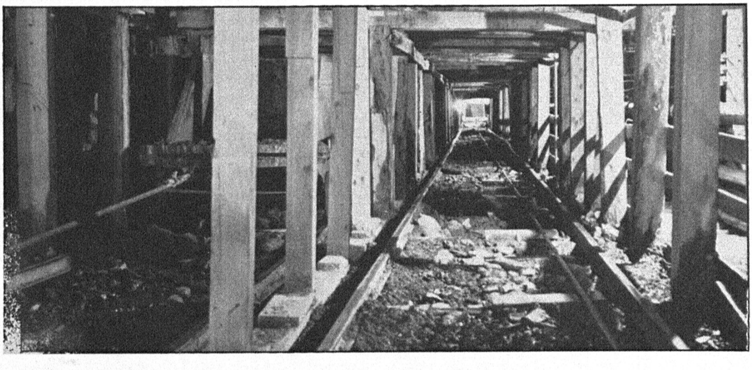
the ground level by means of a skip hoist operating on a 45 degree incline. Passing through a series of gyratory disc crushers and screens, the slate is screened to a uniform size of approximately ⅝-inch mesh. At the same time it is dried, the moisture content being reduced from 4.0 to 0.5 per cent.

The finishing units consist of intermediate storage bins from which the material is passed to several crusher rolls, screens, and air separators which remove oversizes, fines and dust, producing granules of a uniform grade. At this stage the slate has been reduced to the 10-mesh size already mentioned. Smaller sizes, for use in the manufacture of products other than shingles, are ground to the specifications of the purchaser.

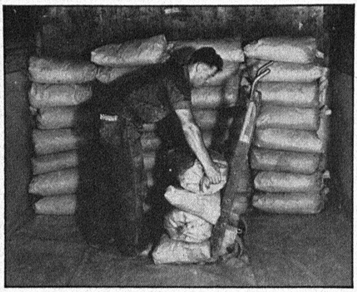
The granules leave the finishing unit on belt conveyor lines which discharge into storage bins or, if they are to be shipped immediately, direct to cars. Weighhouses are located directly on loading tracks, where five cars may be loaded at the same time. Here the conveyor dumps the granules into an automatic weighing machine which, at the pull of a lever, discharges the desired amount into a chute beneath which workmen hold bags for filling. The granules moving over the rail and water route to California are packed in 100-pound burlap sacks, the automatic scales measuring out the exact weight as rapidly as the tops can be wired shut. The bags then slide down a chute which ends at the box car door. The weighing and bagging operations are so timed that bags appear at the foot of the chute at intervals which will permit two men to stow them properly in the car when working at moderately brisk rate.

Granules which are to be colored move on endless conveyor belts to the coloring plant where they are subjected to a process developed after many years of research work by the Staso laboratories, and patented by this company. The coloring process is very elaborate and complicated, requiring the services of highly trained chemists as well as ceramic engineers for its operation.

If the granules being produced are not for immediate shipment, they are conveyed to storage bins



Looking Down 45-Degree Incline of Skip Hoist



Stowing Granules in Car

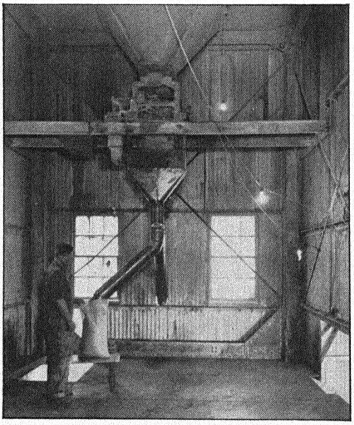
with a total capacity of 12,000 tons. This storage is for the purpose of taking care of any surges in the shipping schedule, assuring customers of prompt delivery.

Incidentally, all shipments go forward by rail, although not necessarily in bags, some granules being loaded in bulk in box cars.

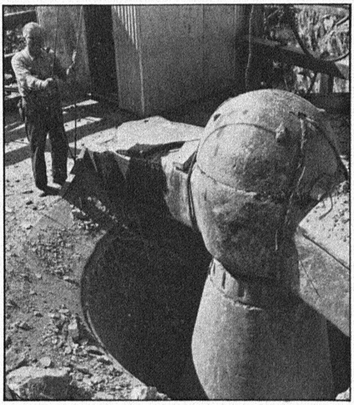
This company also produces several grades of mineral filler which is being used extensively by industires where rubber asphalt or similar compounds are required.

The entire granule process is very carefully controlled, all shipments being made to specifications. Automatic samplers are in operation at different points in the process, where specimen samples are taken at definite intervals. A final composite sample is procured by automatic sampler on each carload shipment as it is being loaded, and an analysis made before shipments are permitted to leave the plant.

The Staso Milling Company has been in operation for approximately 30 years, during which time it has developed to a point where the several plants scattered throughout the United States have an annual production of several hundred thousand tons.



Loading Bag Under Automatic Scales



Gyratory Crusher

How Safe Are You?

THAT depends on what you do, but more on how careful you are. You are more likely to be injured otherwise than in the course of your daily employment. Motor accidents were responsible for the greatest number of accidental deaths in 1934, taking a toll of 36,000 lives. A close second were accidental deaths in the home, claiming 34,500 victims. Accidental deaths in sports were third with 17,500 deaths while accidents at work were fourth with 16,000 deaths. Whether at work or at home, while traveling or engaged in sport, the odds against you are definitely set. While science continues its ceaseless efforts to lengthen these odds in your favor, it cannot mechanically control the considerable factor of human carelessness to any extent. The latest "foolproof" goggles for machinists will not lessen the risk of accident if they are not worn. In the final analysis, your safety depends largely on you.—*The Evening Bulletin.*

The Art of Criticism

SUPPOSE you were in training for a contest in which you would need the best of health to win. And suppose you went to your doctor and asked him to look you over thoroughly and tell you in what shape he found you and what you should do to reach as near to perfection as you could. Let us further suppose that the doctor found a serious defect in your physical make-up, but because he was a kind-hearted man and did not wish to worry you, he said nothing about it. And you entered the contest, thinking you were perfectly all right and as fit as need be, and you lost, although you might have won had you known what was the matter with you and how to overcome it. Would you consider that doctor your friend?

There is probably no doctor who would do this. He would have too much regard for his profession and for his own self-respect. But there are dozens of people who call themselves our friends who hold back honest and helpful criticism even when asked for it, fearing to hurt our feelings. And in so doing they add to our chances of losing out in the contest called life. By their neglect and indifference and mistaken kindness, they make it harder for us to get nearer to that perfection which we are all seeking—perfection in our business, social, domestic and spiritual life.

It is natural for man to seek perfection, however much he falls short of it, and anybody who helps him by pointing out why he has failed and how he may bring about improvement is his friend. Only through the proper use of criticism can this improvement be obtained.

The great musicians of the world and the great painters all had their critics, and these same critics helped them to become great. The same is true of every activity in which individuals seek improvement and advancement. It is especially true in the world of athletics and sports.

A golf instructor is a severe critic; yet men gladly pay him for it and are pleased when their game improves. A swimming coach criticizes constantly, yet his pupils never stage a rebellion. The great Knute Rockne was a critic, and he produced winning football teams for Notre Dame. Did his men dislike him for it? Not at all; they looked upon him as an inspired leader.

And right here let's get this thought into our heads. Helpful, honest and intelligent criticism is part of the obligation of every leader. Everybody who supervises the work of others is or should be a leader. If he shirks his duty of pointing out defects in the work of those for whose efforts he is responsible and who look to him for advice, assistance and encouragement in their work, he is not doing the square thing by them.

A man or woman has the right to know how he or she is progressing, and a person who is on his or her toes will ask for the information. The boss who criticizes kindly, helpfully and specifically is doing a splendid thing, a high duty and a great kindness. The man or woman who receives such criticism is a fortunate person and more likely to succeed than one whose boss never points out a way toward improvement.

The kind of critic we are talking about is not one who sneers at the work of another and tries to discourage him. A real critic is a person who after detailed examination and review makes honest comment on the quality and technique of the work and who tries to show the other fellow what part of it is good and what part of it is otherwise and why, and how improvement may be obtained.

All the knowledge regarding a subject does not lie in the head of any one man, no matter how capable he may be. Those who are working with him, and even for him, as well as those to whom he reports, are often able to judge with knowledge and propriety the work that he is doing, especially if it is such that it must fit into the work of other men. They have a right—and a duty—to point out what to them seems unsound planning and procedure. And if he is the type of man who is more mindful of the progress of the business in which they are engaged than he is of his own personal pride in his own personal ideas he will listen to their suggestions and profit by them.

This doesn't mean, of course, that a man must give a great part of his time to listening to people who criticize merely to flatter their own vanity, nor does it mean that a man must alter his plans or procedure to fit in with every suggestion offered. It merely means that he will welcome criticism of a constructive sort from qualified persons, and that if he doesn't get it otherwise he should ask for it.

Furthermore, every man ought to be a first-class critic of himself. Admit that you are doing a good job; that's only fair. But also admit that you can do a better job; that's reasonable. Then review what you have been doing, seek the criticism of others, and make your plans for improvement; that's good business and good sense.—*The Transmitter.*

The
Delaware and Hudson Railroad
CORPORATION
BULLETIN

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All communications should be addressed to the Supervisor of Publications, Delaware and Hudson Building, Albany, N. Y.

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More things would come to him who waits if they were not captured on the way by him who waits not.

—THE ECHO.

Sunburn

SUNBURN results from the exposure of the skin to the direct or reflected rays of the sun. It is a real burn, warn the health specialists of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and therefore may have serious or even fatal results if a large area is involved. Prevention, as regards sunburn, is worth far more than cure.

The sun's rays are most intense during the months of May, June, July, and August, and the hours of the day during which the sun's rays are strongest are from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Exposure should be brief, then, between 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. until the skin resistance has been built up somewhat and until tanning has begun and the danger from severe burn safeguarded. By the time you notice a slight reddening of the skin in the middle of the day you may already be severely burned. Earlier in the morning and later in the afternoon the margin of safety is greater. A safe rule is to be exposed to the sun for only a few minutes the first few times, so that the danger of a burn is reduced and the skin tolerance is learned.

A few of the after-effects of severe sunburn are: sunstroke; painful discomfort, necessitating treatment in bed; stomach and intestinal disorders; headache and fever.

This company feels that disability following sunburn is nearly always the result of carelessness.

Solution

THERE is much in every day's newspaper that is not worth the reading, but recently in the *Minneapolis Journal* appeared a gem which evidently escaped the eye of the "censor":

"Is anything ever gained by fighting? Let it be clearly recognized once for all, that in war both sides lose. This is as true in labor wars as in conflicts between sovereign states. Justice is never all on one side. The cost of conflict must be borne by everyone. War is savagery. Peace means compromise—the greatest good to the greatest number. Love—call it brotherhood, call it common humanity, call it common sense—is the universal solvent. We need to get away from our strife for a few moments to see the whole problem in the terms of our common humanity; to discover that no economic problem is essentially insoluble; that a little common sense and a little feeling for justice would solve all these difficulties without bloodshed, or its equivalent in envy, jealousy, hatred, and distrust. Be decent! This is the whole duty of man!"

Which Are You?

THREE young men, John, Jim, and Jake, were employed under the direction of a chief in a large office. John had a good memory, and could recall with the minutest detail the things that happened the previous days and weeks. He was getting three dollars a day for his services.

Jim was of an observing nature. He could see and define the situations that surrounded him with accurate judgment. He drew five dollars for eight hours' work.

Jake had the faculty of seeing ahead, at least a day or two, and anticipating business activities. And he was paid ten dollars a day.

The chief, in whose charge the destinies of the three young men were placed, could envision things that would probably take place months ahead, and laid his plans to meet them. They paid him an annual salary running into five figures.

Experience or training is not enough. There must be long and hard thinking * * * and that is very tiresome. Few men will think, and they are being paid according to their worth.

Tread-mill workers draw dimes while thinkers draw dollars.—*The Silent Partner.*

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Stopping at third base adds no more to the score than does striking out.

Security Comes from Work and Thrift

THIS fact is the plain truth: that the American people will still and always have to work and save for the prosperity and security they get from the State. The security and prosperity they expect to receive at the hands of the providential State is not and never will be automatic and effortless, no matter how omniscient and omnipotent the State may seem to be. The prosperity and security of all the people in this country has come only out of the work they do. The amount of prosperity and security they can have at any time depends solely upon the combined effort of mind and muscle which they are willing and able to apply in using the natural resources of the country to produce the necessaries and comforts they consume and exchange, and the tools and the machines they need in order to produce as much or more in the future.

The more work everyone does, the more people there are to work, the harder and longer and more effectively they work, the more prosperous and secure they will be. There is no other way; there is no other formula, program, or platform for prosperity and security in this or any other country. This is the final decree of the ultimate dictator of the conditions of human existence on this planet and there is no appeal from it. This is the everlasting and age-old deal of nature in the game of life, and the omniscient and omnipotent State has no card up its sleeve that will win the game in any other way.

Every action or idea of private citizens and public employes that increases our ability and willingness to work and creates more effective tools to work with, increases the production and therefore the prosperity and security of the whole people. Better education, more training, more knowledge of facts, improved health, stronger morals, more inspiring ideals of individual conduct, more effective management of men, greater thrift and economy in the use of energy, money and materials, closer cooperation in work, more continuous preservation of peace and public order, more effective protection of personal safety, freedom and property against violence and theft—all these increase our chances of prosperity and security.

The converse fact is even more important and inescapable. Whatever conditions or influences diminish our ability and incentive to work and decrease or make ineffective the tools we have to work with, reduce our productive power and make all of us poorer and more insecure. Ignorance, inadequate training, physical and mental disease, bad morals, degraded ideals, poor management, private and public waste and improvidence, class and group conflict, war, public disorder, violence,

Accounting Outing

Group of Employees of Auditor of Disbursements' Office at Snyder's Lake racketeering, use of group force, political oppression, governmental tyranny and extravagance, loss of confidence in security of person and property—all these reduce our productive power and cause poverty, suffering and insecurity.

Whenever, as a result of the actions of individual citizens or their public servants, the time and energies of men are wasted or unused; whenever the stored labor of the past, which is called our capital, is scattered or dissipated without adding to our productive power; whenever the minds of men are brutalized and debased by stimulation of sterile emotions and spread of erroneous information or false ideas; whenever they are incited to indolence, envy, malice and conflict; whenever their impulse to individual effort, personal achievement and group cooperation in production is frustrated or destroyed by intimidation, oppression or compulsion—in every such instance, no matter how small, those responsible are subtracting something from the prosperity and security which the people as a whole would otherwise enjoy.

(Extract from an address by Virgil D. Jordan.)

Go It Alone?

THE man who insists that he is smart enough to go it alone, will one day find himself at the tail end of the procession. The men at the head of the biggest and most successful organizations are the men who are smart enough to surround themselves with other smart and efficient men as helpers. We could cite you hundreds of cases proving our contention. A singer may have a wonderful voice and yet not be able to play a note on the piano; hence she must change her job or find an accompanist. It has been said so many times that it is a bromide, but, as a matter of fact, no man however smart he may be can "go it alone" in this world, because the world isn't built that way. A lot has been said about "co-operation" and some of it of course has been foolish, but if you want to get along in this world at least fairly well, and of course you do, you had better "jine up." When we reached a point where we forgot how "smart" we were, that is just what we did, and it helped a lot.—*KVP Philosopher*.

It's the Weather

"How is it that those potatoes you sold me last week are so much smaller at the bottom of the sack than at the top?"

"Well, replied the grocer, "potaters is growin' so fast now that by the time a sackful is dug the last ones is about twice the size of the first!"

Guarded Grant Funeral Train

(Continued from page 116)

other special stone work. Stone-cutters were paid by the lineal foot; for instance, for cutting a window sill measuring 7 feet long, 18 inches wide, and 10 inches thick, the cutter received seven times the rate for one lineal foot. A good cutter would average $3 a day, a very high rate in those days, while quarrymen received from $1 to $1.25 a day.

Quarrying, by the way, was done with hand tools and black powder. Hand-driven, six-inch-diameter holes were sunk four or five feet down and a charge of three to four pounds of black powder was poured in. A layer of paper wadding was then tamped in on top of the powder after which the hole was filled with tightly tamped powdered rock. The fuse, running up one side of the hole from the powder, was cut off about seven inches above ground level and lighted when everyone had been warned to seek a place of safety. Black powder exploded much more slowly and with less force than the dynamite used today. Furthermore, powder "works up," that is, when placed in a hole it exerts the greatest force upward. Dynamite "blows down," tearing its way downward, and will leave a deep hole in the ground even if exploded on the surface with nothing but atmosphere above it, due to its greater burning speed.

Since his retirement SERGEANT LEE has spent most of his time working on his farm situated on the boulevard linking Hudson Falls and Glens Falls. He and Mrs. Lee, who hope to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary next January, have six children: Raymond, who is employed on an Indian Reservation at White River, Arizona; ARTHUR, JR., a Delaware and Hudson electrician; DONALD W., a telegrapher at Fort Edward; DOUGLAS R., who, following in his father's footsteps, is a Delaware and Hudson patrolman at Whitehall; Mildred, librarian in the Crandall Library, Glens Falls; and Mrs. John Caldow, of Indianapolis, Ind.

SERGEANT LEE is a member of The Dalaware and Hudson Veterans' Association, as well as the Royal Arcanum and Red Men Lodges.

Unexpected

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocery boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test. "Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked.

"Oh, glory, I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."

Clicks from the Rails

African Natives

expressed their thanks to General Manager of the Rhodesia Railways H. Chapman for a new recreation hall in an address which opened in the following flowery language: "Lord of Lords, and Manager of Managers, Director of Directors, the founder of the cool and quenching water and of the widespread shade of the banyan tree in which all birds build their nests in time of the spring season, singing all the time their gay songs and melodies * * *."

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A New Record

in fuel efficiency was established by the railroads in 1936 when an average of 119 pounds of coal was required to move 1,000 gross tons of freight and equipment one mile. In 1920, an average of 172 pounds was required to attain the same performance. On the basis of freight traffic in 1936, this increase in fuel efficiency means a saving of approximately $64,000,000 to the railroads.

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A Remarkable Record

has been established by the Railway Express Agency in the movement of the Colleen Moore doll house, a delicate fairyland in miniature which is shipped in seventeen specially built cases weighing 6,000 pounds. It has traveled over 100,000 miles and has been set up and exhibited in over 100 cities without once being damaged or missing a scheduled showing, despite the extremely fragile character of all parts of the "house."

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An Unusual Map

of the railways of central Europe was manufactured at Prague in 1865 in the form of a beautiful piece of carpeting measuring 14 by 20 feet. This was presented to the museum in Vienna, though whether it is still in existence is not known.

"Curly Top,"

or the "Sweetheart of the 20th Century Limited," otherwise Violet Kathleen Schmidt, of Elkhart, Indiana, has received nation-wide publicity as the result of her devotion to the famous "flyer." Three years ago, at the age of six years, she began running to the fence every day at 7 A. M. and 6 P. M., rain or shine, to greet the train, as a result of which sustained fascination she was adopted by the train crews who anticipated her greeting and waved in reply. The story spread among the passengers and, on May 6, her ninth birthday, the crew presented her with a summer outfit and she rode the train to Chicago where she was invited to speak on the radio. On June 15th she attended the "Century's" 35th birthday party, in New York, where President Williamson presented her with a necklace of seed pearls after which she gave the "highball" and rode the Limited back to Elkhart to resume her daily vigil.

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Watching the Trains

go through town has again become the fashion in many communities. A writer in a midwestern paper gives the following description of the sensation of a spectator as a streamliner whizzes by at 100 miles an hour or so: "* * *. You might get up early some Wednesday or Sunday and go down to the tracks and listen to the air rushing back into the space where the train just was when you thought you were going to see it."

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Homing Pigeons Lost

a race with the Milwaukee's new speedster, "The Chippewa," on its first trip to Green Bay and Iron Mountain. Released as the engineer opened his throttle, the birds were soon left behind, the first to arrive reaching Green Bay 1 hour 26 minutes after the train pulled into the station.

Counterfeit Coins,

to the value of approximately $2,600, which have found their way into ticket office tills over several years, have been melted down by the Great Western Railway at its Swindon Works. The ingots thus produced weigh approximately 100 pounds and when analyzed were shown to contain 83.8 per cent tin; 9.8 per cent antimony; 3.4 per cent copper; 1.8 per cent lead; 0.6 per cent zinc; 0.4 per cent silver; and 0.2 per cent iron. Two half-crowns contained metal of such high heat resisting qualities that they defied even Swindon furnaces to melt them. The ingots will be put to commercial use.

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The First and Last

passenger train was operated by the New York Central over its new West Side freight tracks in New York City a month ago for the purpose of carrying a party of officials and newspaper men who inspected the new facilities extending from Spuyten Duyvil to St. John's Park Station. By elevating and lowering various parts of the line, operation through city streets has been avoided. Substitution of special Diesel-electric locomotives for steam permits covering the depressed tracks with a park area along Riverside Drive.

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Positive Proof

that the steam locomotive can equal or surpass Diesel performance in long distance, high speed passenger service is offered by the "Forty-Niner," now operating between Chicago and San Francisco and alternating with the streamlined "City of San Francisco" on a 49-hour schedule (eastbound). Consisting of eight air-conditioned cars the new train will accommodate 117 passengers, there being 15 additional berths in the dormitory-baggage car for the use of the dining car crew.

Recompense

WHO never wept knows laughter but a jest;
Who never failed, no victory has sought;
Who never suffered, never lived his best;
Who never doubted, never really thought;
Who never feared, real courage has not shown;
Who never faltered, lacks a real intent;
Whose soul was never troubled has not known
The sweetness and the peace of real content.

—E. M. BRAINERD.